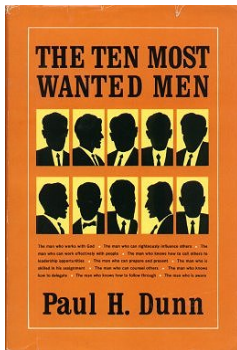


## Chapter 19 – The 20 Most-Wanted Poetry Contest

"Is this the end of Rico?" – Triple damages – Queer beyond the grave



[http://www.mormonmemorabilia.com/images/Merchandise/Books/Ten\\_Most\\_Wanted\\_Men-01.jpg](http://www.mormonmemorabilia.com/images/Merchandise/Books/Ten_Most_Wanted_Men-01.jpg)

<http://www.fsu.edu/~crimdo/images/rico.jpg>

<http://www.dianelockward.com/images/Druid-Sisters-Front-Witches.jpg>

*Queen Hornet gets the team into the K-Street Sex Club for a poetry contest using a resurrected corpse to answer the question "Is this the end of Rico?" – a ruse developed by Chips to serve '20 Most Wanted' and their sponsors with a triple damage lawsuit claiming 3 x \$1.5 trillion for 9/11 wrongful deaths under the RICO (Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act) and the CCE (Continuing Criminal Enterprises Act).*

*Hillary 'Arkancide' – Sponsor, AXA Gallery and 345 Park Avenue N.Y. tenants  
Bernadine 'Days of Bisexual Rage' – Sponsor, Women @ Sidley Austin  
Jamie 'The Wall' – Sponsor, Fannie Mae and the Supermax S&M prison staff  
Eileen 'Carbon-is-for-us' – Sponsor, \$50 trillion Carbon Disclosure banker wankers  
Amelia 'Queen Hornet' – Sponsor, KPMG escrowed killing machine with AQFB Mod 21  
Cindy Lou 'Sixpack' – Sponsor, Songbirds with Amalgam Virgo and Project Phoenix  
Michelle 'Obomba' Bernadine's protégé at Sidley and now the Chicago CFR  
Janet 'Waco' – Clinton's AG who put DOJ Pride into the Great Hall of Shame  
Leah Zell 'Lizard Woman' – Sponsor, Lizard LLC hedge fund and KPMG Chicago  
Obama's Yomama – Sponsor, escrowed HUBZones in Hawaii, Guam and Starbucks  
Bill 'Army of Love' Ayers – Blew up his girlfriend and now tramples Flag of USA  
David 'CCX' Blood – Goldman Sachs escrowed NYC for carbon scam in Chicago  
Noam 'Wobbly' – Sponsor, Wobblies, Navajo code talkers and HUBZones 9/11  
Lester 'Wag the Dog' Crown – General Dynamics Iridium C4, Hawaiian HUBZone  
Paul 'Total Power' – Laundered UN Oil-for-Food through Pargesa 9/11  
John 'al-Qaeda' Deutsch – Stole 8(a) data base from CIA for Raytheon and Thales  
"Arson Al" – Escrowed Clipper to hide IWG Environmental Justice Hits  
Bruce "Escrow" gave Communists Y2Key to Pentagon backdoor – Hello Georgia!  
John "Waffen" CJCS US secrets to China, changed ROE 1 June, sabotaged Boeing  
Maurice "Chairman Moe" – Canada's genocidal Stalinist, hired by Saddam for 9/11  
Judge One – Lesbian attorney in pastel lavender  
Judge Two – Gay DOJ employee in pastel lavender  
Judge Three – Unknown quantity who is 'Biden his Time' in pastel lavender*

*On hearing Verse 3, Judge One moved to indict the Abel Danger and Hawks CAFE members for hate crimes to be prosecuted to the full authority of the US Department of Justice. Captain David Hunter sat upright in his casket, hitting them with some words from the Good Book. A Jewish grandmother flipped her middle digit from the bottom level of the coffin. An amplified voice, said: "It is finished" Homi and Stone served copies of the lawsuit Civil Case 3:08-cv-xx to DOJ Pride's judges and juries, while a Canadian or possibly a Kenya-born native was serviced in the back of a Limo at the curb of the sex club before the building went totally dark. With the team leading off to the Pizza Hearses, the frightened DOJ-Pride gang of 24 thought of thunder as 4 QF-4 Phantoms lit 8 J79-15-GE afterburners and left their combat air patrol overhead the K Street Club, with no ordnance expended.*

.....

While the blond barmaid pondered the behavior of the blind Judge, Dyke the beagle bitch emitted 4 cubic inches of doggie-methane and flipped the unlit Chesterfield towards the Budweiser clock on the wall. Noting the time on the Budweiser clock the blind Judge followed Dyke to the Limo and the pair joined Duke in the front seat. Soon thereafter the dinner party came to the curb and loaded up for the ride back to the Marriott. `



<http://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/en/thumb/b/b1/KeyBridge.jpg/250px-KeyBridge.jpg>

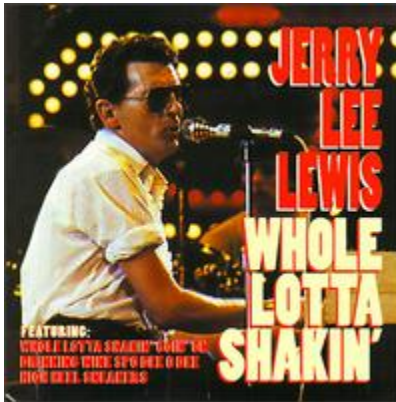
Homi and Stone occupied the front row, as Raven and Hamish, Vicky and Chips, and Nano got in the 'security' portion of the piss-wicked LT1 Limo. Prior to turning on the ignition, Homi and Stone did a BIT check on the laptop to ensure that haircuts hadn't been by for a revenge mod to the Fleetwood. All clear was indicated and the Limo proceeded to the Crystal City Marriott, via a different bridge, the Key Bridge, named for Francis Scott Key. U.S. 29 connected Rosslyn and Georgetown. Once in Virginia the Limo turned left and was at the Marriott 11 minutes later.



<http://home.att.net/~leahland/chicklogo.jpg>  
[http://www.worth1000.com/entries/206500/206923qVxu\\_w.jpg](http://www.worth1000.com/entries/206500/206923qVxu_w.jpg)

The remainder of June 3rd, all of June 4th, and much of the 5th were spent resting and visiting. Except in Room 205 where 13 tins of Chicken of the Sea Smoked Oysters and 7 Rodney Baldinger extend-o-peter gel tabs were consumed. The EOPs had been the brain child of a Ph.D. at NDSU's Animal Science Lab.

[Although advised not to take them as they were designed for male bovine breeders, Chips had commented that that sounded like a bunch of cock and bull to him.]



<http://www.spiralfrog.com/sfimages/covers/pop/cov200/drd800/d895/d89556ty7q0.jpg>

At 1530, 5 June, the alarm awoke Chips from his post boinking nap with the Icaristan Security Agent. With the agent stirring next to him, Chips noted that her Lemon colored thong still on the lampshade and maneuvered for an unobserved 'heat shot'. Soon auto-throttle synchronicity had been achieved and there was a whole lotta shakin going on, and it didn't include Jerry Lewis or his niece in this instance.

Posturing for a tongue lashing Chips noticed a paper message slipped under the door to 205, apparently in deference to the Do Not Disturb sign that regaled the door 24/7 as Vicky ensured security for our man Chips. 90 minutes later with Vicky heading to the marble shower, Chips picked up the message and read "Amelia suggests lobby call at 1800 to ensure all are present for Mr. 'X'. An AmeriPride Laundry Truck will be at the curb at 1802. Stone". After Chips had joined Vicky in the liquid love nest, she gave him two longs and a short on the ship's whistle, indicating Operation Hurricane was to be

practiced. With Vicky at 'battle stations', Chips made a response in her 'general quarters'.

Twenty minutes later the drill was deemed successful and a radiant Vicky and well-worn Chips joined Stone in the lobby. Soon thereafter Raven and Hamish, Nano and Pillsbury joined them while outside a Harley FLH with a side car waited for the AmeriPride Laundry truck. In the side-car Duke was alert while Dyke chain smoked like a bitch. As the AmeriPride Truck stopped briefly to take on 7 diners, Dyke flipped her Chesterfield in the direction of Suburban with Park Police plates.

At 1821 the Laundry Truck discharged the 7 diners while Homi signaled 'all clear' in a visual hand sign to Stone. When his group entered the Lengthy Portion, Chips told the maitre'd "Brendan Behan, party of 10". A sudsing beauty with a Georgetown 2009 ring led Chips and Company to the private dining room, not unlike those at Bennigan's prior to the bankrupting of Bennigans which would occur in mid summer, 2008. While the dining room could be configured for up to 20 guests, there were only 10 chairs around the table. The head of the table and seat to left and right were saved for Queen Hornet, SWAN-E and Mr. 'X'. As the other 7 found seats, Nano introduced his lady friend, Betty.

"Friends, meet Betty Crocker, aka Pillsbury, aka General Mills, and not Hayley Mills either. She is here with a device remoted to Dancer, Swindon, West Rutland, NUJIJ and Antalya. Her day job is with Honeywell in the Twin Cities. You will notice she never speaks, however she hears, understands, records and can instantly counterfeit anything she hears. Betty, you know Chips, Stone, Hamish, Vicky, Raven from the photos in the briefs. Let's have some brewskis and get ready to make our appeal to Mr. 'X'."

Betty honked the bicycle horn attached to her walking-stick, signaling agreement.

On mention of the word 'appeal' Vicky started sudsing and Chips' Oscar de la Renta Slingshot Rumpmaster started to be strained by the beast.

[Slick Willy, notice the 'r' in strained.]

Black and Tans were consumed and chit-chat ensued until 1858 when Chips' clipper squirt gun took an 'immediate' IM from Amelia. "Coming thru the alley entrance now, party of 3". Chips shared the news with the crew and one minute before 7 PM Amelia walked in followed by Mr. 'X' and SWAN-E.

Mr. 'X' looked like he was ready to cry.

A waitress took drink orders and left menus, while Homi walked unassisted to the door of the private dining room to close the door before returning to his stool protected by Dyke during his brief absence. The blond bartender wondered why his guide dog hadn't led him to the private dining room and back.

When the waitress returned with the drinks Chips noted that although his sister had

her signature Absolut Martini, SWAN-E had a glass of apple juice as did Mr. 'X'. Mr. 'X' motioned for Chips to sit on his left, as he sat to the left of Amelia. With Stone explaining the piss-wicked LT1 to SWAN-E, Amelia and Mr 'X' spoke with Chips briefly and very quietly.

“Captain McHogeny, you should have gotten the message when Judge O’Brien took your farm in a corrupted Bankruptcy in 2003. You should have gotten the message when DOJ had your airline send you to Dr. Elliott in Los Angeles. You don’t seem to get messages very easily so how am I supposed to trust you can protect me from Rocky and Rothy and their gangsters if I join you and Amelia as SWAN-E recommends?”

“Please, call me Chips Mike. It is not a matter of trusting me, Mike, but in placing your trust in an authority higher than mankind. Since 6 PM on 12-4-06 I have worked full time for “Mr. Bigger” and although I work for him in a mysterious and dangerous way, there is no power on earth that can stand against the Kingdom’s Throne, I reference Curtis Mayfield’s “People Get Ready”, best performed by the Impressions of Chicago with Jerry Butler on lead vocals. I personally guarantee you that if you can place your trust in my advocate, the Rothys and the Rockys will see that you are untouchable. For no one comes to the Father except through the Son, capeche?”

At that moment the waiter came and asked for dinner orders. Amelia responded that there would only be 7 for dinner as she, SWAN-E and Mr. 'X' had another meeting to attend in Langley, Virginia. While Amelia hurried to finish her Martini garnished with killer stuffed queen olives, SWAN-E finished his apple juice and asked Stone if he had ever suggested to his father that they put a blower on the LT1.

“No, that’s just what they’d expect him to do. So he’s altering the front brakes and putting flame throwing exhaust on so he can do high-power burnouts at the stop lights to give the Crown Victorias a gut check before the light changes.” SWAN-E understood the cryptic message even if Paul T the shill attorney in Salt Lake couldn’t.

With her Martini gone, Amelia announced to the 7 diners that the party of three was off to Langley. As she turned to gage Mr. 'X's mood, Mr. 'X' asked Chips to walk to the car with him. SWAN-E and Amelia led the way and Chips and Mr. 'X' walked 3 paces behind, out through the alley door and to a waiting private car. Chips noticed Crown Vics at both ends of the alley, each pointing in the same direction as the private car. After Amelia had gotten into the front passenger seat, SWAN-E held open the door for Mr. 'X'.

Mr. 'X' leaned to Chips' right ear, whispering “I’m on board, but please pray for me and my family” and handed Chips a black rose. As he had settled into the rear driver side seat Chips noticed he had tear drops forming. With the private car driving slowly away, Chips watched to make sure the rearward Crown Vic got into a supporting position as the lead Crown Vic turned right, and into the traffic. Returning to the Lengthy Portion through the alley door, he noticed a note pinned to the black rose. The note read “on board but don’t ever put me in a position to side with either Lavender Law or Abel Danger UC, capeche?”

In a courtesy to Mr. 'X', Chips lit the note from a table candle and returned to his dinner. As he sat down with the other six, Vicky gave him a left handed status check and could tell it had been a scary meeting.

"Dad, don't let your Fish and Chips get cold" urged Stone noting his father's distant look.

"Don't worry Stone, just have a lot to think about" responded Chips taking a long pull on his black and tan. Under the table, Vicky's left hand took a pull also, actually two longs and one short.

After the plates had been cleared and desserts delivered Hamish stood and read the first stanza of the competition poem.

*The Lizard and the Hornet went to see  
About a lesbian surety loan,  
They took some money, and plenty of honey,  
Stuffed up in a hub zone phone.  
The Lizard looked up at the parts above,  
To bang through a small cuissart,  
'O lovely Pussy! O Pussy my love,  
What a beautiful Pussy you are,  
You are,  
You are!  
What a beautiful Pussy you are!*

The other six applauded, whereupon Nano stood and read stanza two to the crew.

*Pussy wiped on a towel; said, 'You flagellant Cow!  
How smarmingly sweet you sing!  
O let us be married! Too long we have tarried:  
But what shall we do for a ring?'  
They male-d away, as a pair for the pay,  
To the bank where the Boinky-tree grows  
And there with a woody a Piggy-wig stooody  
With a ring at the end of her hose,  
Her hose,  
Her hose,  
With a ring at the end of her hose*

Nano then took his seat to more applause and everyone turned to Chips expecting to hear stanza 3.

"No, no, no" he said. "That's just what they'd expect me to do. But remember, it was David Hunter deceased that submitted stanza three, and it will be Dancer doing the

ventrilo-delivery from the lower level of the BDD11. We will all hear stanza three for the first time tomorrow night at 2100.”

Although disappointed at having to wait, they all understood that Chips was very disciplined in the timing of messages; be they court filings like Civil Case 3:08-cv-XX or stronger messages like those he dropped in the Larry Craig memorial pooper in the Minneapolis Airport Mezzanine. After they had finished their desserts and were moving on to night caps, the blind judge and Dyke walked in. Homi said “Dyke needs a smoke break and Duke needs to wet a hydrant, we 3 and the rats will be outside. Suggest we leave in 15 and that Stone drives so I can brief security in the trunk.” As he turned to go, the blond bar maid blew him a kiss and he and Dyke left the building, not unlike Elvis.

Thinking she may be a disinfo bartender, Homi didn’t respond to her blown kiss, at least not visually.

But his one-eyed trouser trout was getting a little longer just thinking about it.

Stone held open doors for Hamish and Raven, Chips and Vicky, and Nano and Betty, then used the remote trunk deal to open the lid so Homi, Duke, Dyke, Roland, Rhonda and the rats could commence security briefings in the dark. As the limo pulled away from the Lengthy Portion, someone cut the cheese in the trunk. The remainder of the night was spent in Nano’s room where Hamish and Nano argued over who was the better speaker, while Chips stuttered a suggestion in Vicky’s ear. “Wanna b-b-b-boink?”

“Is a frog’s ass watertight?” came the cryptic answer that even Paul the attorney in Salt Lake could decipher. After Vicky and Chips’s departure, Raven pulled Hamish towards the door, Betty gave Nano an eyeful of Shocking Citrus and Stone headed to the Lobby Bar to join Homi in searching for VPLs. A quiet night surrendered to a quiet morning and little happened before the noon meeting in the lobby.

It was just after noon when Dancer and Homi joined the crew in the lobby. Homi indicated that the ventrilo-hardware had worked well and that Dancer was comfortable on the bottom with a two hundred pound man on the top. Hmmmhhhh.

Clippers of all varieties lit up like a Christmas tree as Fish was calling in from the men’s room on the second floor of the Department of Justice. The priority was routine so everyone but Chips cancelled and Chips spoke with Fish briefly.

“Chips, I just had a side-by-side with Mr. ‘X’ in stalls 3 and 4 on the second floor. I could tell by the splatter pattern that he is still nervous, but he gave me the sign I was looking for, then a courtesy flush, then I left, per the briefing. I waited in the chair outside his office and as he walked by he dropped a note in my lap. It was the message you expected, capeche?”

“Yes, I understand. Are you still willing to attend tonight at the Sex Club? If so, meet us in the AmeriPride Laundry truck that will be parked in back of the DHL van on the

south side of the block. The trucks will be in place by 1930, latest. See you then if you can make it.”



<http://k53.pbase.com/o6/61/4561/1/86906204.rL9mh2GT.highwayman.jpg>

“I’ll be with you ‘til midnight, though hell should bar the way” responded Fish with a tip of the hat to the long deceased Alfred C. Noyes.

*The Highwayman*

*By Alfred Noyes*

*Part One*

*I*

*The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees,  
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,  
The road was a ribbon of moonlight, over the purple moor,  
And the highwayman came riding-  
Riding-riding-  
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door.*

*II*

*He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at his chin,  
A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-skin;  
They fitted with never a wrinkle: his boots were up to the thigh!  
And he rode with a jeweled twinkle,  
His pistol butts a-twinkle,  
His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jeweled sky.*

*[Hear ‘The Highwayman’ Alfred Noyes <http://www.getnoticedonline.co.uk/audio/poem-of-the-week/the-highway-man-alfred-noyes.html> ]*

Those assembled in the lobby were anxious to see the BDD11 and try and determine if the ventrilo-deal would be convincing. While the BDD11 was available in the

underground parking lot inside Homi's DHL unit, Chips told everyone to relax, it was going to work like a charm and that there time would be better spent going to the 1789 club for lunch. Homi reported that the Limo was clean as Roland, Rhonda and the rats had been lunching on aged Gouda and Fromunda underneath the Limo and had observed no devices being placed under the car by any short haircuts. Following a leisurely lunch at the 1789 the three couples retired for the afternoon for some rest before the big events at the K Street Sex Club later the evening of 6 June, 2008.

In Room 203, Betty and Nano were stirring the frosting while in Room 204 Raven and Hamish were playing Scrabble. Homi and Stone were at the coffee shop next store with their laptops monitoring the DHL van and Limo from a miniature camera strapped to Roland little rat knapsack [LRK]. Stone had just poured a little more "Captain" in his coffee and did likewise for Homi when the laptops started issuing coded squeaks mimicking Rhonda's soprano rat voice [SRV].

After the two security agents had drunk their laced coffees, they looked at Homi's 17 inch Toshiba monitor and saw that Roland had captured video of two sets of black oxfords approaching the Limo. When the feet belonging to 'Oxfords 2' had turned 180 degrees to check their 6, the other Oxford knelt and attached a small magnetic unit to the oil pan of the 1996 LT1 that lay under the hood of the stretch Fleetwood. Oxfords 2 then proceeded to the rear of the Limo and attached a second, and larger, device to the fuel tank of the super-trick, piss-wicked Limo.

Stone and Homi watched intently as the Oxfords retreated to their Crown Vic and exited the below ground parking. Rhonda's bustier cam had captured the G-car and the liscense plates which indicated the Oxfords were with the Park Police. Rhonda had taken advantage of the 2 minute opportunity to place some 'rat pellets' under the driver seat of the Crown Vic, having gained access through the door left open by Oxford 1. The video feed became unstable shortly after the Park Police Ford left the area and Homi opined to Stone "looks like Roland and Rhonda are having a celebratory boinking after a job well done". In Room 205 a ham was being baked; low heat, 3 hours.

Homi and Stone retreated to their defensive position after inspecting and cleansing the Limo. Homi identified the GPS transmitter as a unit produced in Goose Bay by the technologically retarded Canadians. Stone carefully removed the fuel tank piggy back and determined it was similar to the remote sheep exploculators deployed by the barren weatherwomen and their limp husbands. Homi reviewed the liscense plates of the Crown Vic and then he and Stone took the Harley FLH for a little 'field trip' to a parking garage in the 1800 block of K St Northwest.

After Stone's laptop had located the PP CV, Roland, Rhonda and Dyke were released along with the 'spare parts' harvested from the undercarriage of the 1996 Limo. Roland and Rhonda attached the parts to the oil pan and fuel tank and then jumped on Dyke's back and were placed in the nose cone of the sidecar where some tigermeat was position for Dyke, and aged Edam for Roland and Rhonda. Prior to having lunch, Dyke flipped a Chestfield butt at the feet of an old black gentleman resting in a lawn chair by the garage

entrance. Stone snapped a digital photo of the gentleman's cane as Homi let the Harley do some talking that could be heard 3 blocks away. As Dyke wolfed down the tiger meat, Duke was getting in the mood for a little doggie-style once they got back to the DHL unit.

Homi parked the Harley in the handi-cap spot in front of the hotel and put his blue and white sticker on the windshield. Noting a Crown Vic across the street he intentionally limped and used his white cane to follow Dyke down to the underground parking and resume his stakeout in the DHL. Stone went up to his room to process the digital photos and Duke got his wish with Dyke and she chain smoked like a bitch while Duke was laying the lumber to her with reckless abandon. She pretended not to enjoy it.

In Room 205 4 things went off simultaneously, 2 of which were a Rubber Ducky and a Squirt Gun. Vicky went undercover as Chips responded to the 'immediate' clipper deal. He noted it was from Fish and that only 5 were copied in: Amelia, Dancer, Vicky, Chips and Stone. "Chips, 1789, Lengthy Portion, secure, go ahead Fish".

"Chips, I am getting ready to RTB to the Marriott but I just picked up a sensitive SNIPer from the Mineta Trap in stall 3, second floor DOJ. An Attorney from Philadelphia was in 3 and Mike was in 4 and it sounds like there maybe a last minute ploy to take out B Hussein O regarding Kenya, Pakistan, age 18....capeche?"

"Yea Fish, I capeche alright, this squares with a SNIPHer out of Sidley-Austin two hours ago regarding Ayers-Rezko-Biden-Rose. Let's terminate this Clipper and have a face to face in the Sauna at the CCM at exactly 1600, can you make it?"

"I will make it to the sauna by 1600 though hell should bar the way" click. Click.

As Chips rested his head on the fluffy pillows he was enjoying Vicky's undercover artistry when he saw a note come under the door. "That's quite a mouthful" Vicky commented as she referred to the Clipper deal from Fish. As Vicky headed to the Marble Shower Chips saw an IM from Marbles in West Rutland with a single copy to Swindon. He went to the door and picked up a handwritten note from Stone. Marbles, Swindon and Stone all identified a late add-on to the poetry committee for tonight's reading. Marbles' IM indicated at a SHPIHer Mineta Trap at Sidley-Austin had recorded a private cel call between Michelle and 'Yomama' that indicated 'Yomama' had just landed at Washington Reagan Airport in a private Grumman registered to a bank in Hawaii. Chips understood the escalation and immediately Clipped 'all players' to maintain clipper silence from 1611 local until they would meet in the lobby at 1900 for Pizza and Planning. "No, repeat, No Clippers. Security Level Lavendar invoked by Chips, signed CRM 1611-06-0608". Click.

Fish noted the escalation from the DOJ steps, Homi noted from the DHL unit, Hamish and Raven missed it as they were 'bathing', Betty and Nano noted it and reversed roles, Stone noted it and added another garlic stuffed queen olive to his Hotel HoDo adult beverage. Amelia noted it at a staff meeting in Suite 450 and had a nervous reaction in

her tummy. As everyone else maintained the mandated silence, Vicky started wailing like Maria Muldaur as her camel toe was visited by a Sheikh whose Irish Ham made her think of dual citizenship such as various highly placed members of the current administration. With 'Brendan Behan' hamming it up with Vicky, Stone placed a Claussen Kosher Spear in his HoDo assuming his father was also spearing something pleasant.

At 1845 the shower was exited and Chips and Vicky selected matching items for the Gay Poetry competition: Chips located his Oscar de la Renta Slingshot Rumpmaster in pastel hunter green, and Vicky located her matching pastel hunter green thong and bustier. She placed the two 3 by 5 cards in her bustier, one card each in bay 1 and bay 2 of the 38D over the shoulder boulder holder. Chips noticed and thought about adding an Idaho Baker to his pouch but realized the folly of that as Vicky handed him 2 gel pack Rodney Baldinger EOPs and an tin of Chicken of the Sea Smoked Oysters. As Vicky put on her short skirt she gave Chips a 'courtesy flash' of pastel hunter green, and the Rumpmaster tightened.

At 1857 Vicky and Chips arrived at the private room off the lobby just as the pizzas were delivered by Rico Gambolino's Pizza-Hearse. The Gambolino family had made a killing by using hearses to deliver "Pizza to Die For" [ PDF ]. Chips thought the 73 year old driving the hearse looked familiar and he noted a synergy between Hamish and Pizza Boy. He gave Stone a coded signal to 'sniff around'. From Stone's glazed stare Chips determined that Captain Morgan had given way to Operation Bombay.

At exactly 1900 Homi brought the meeting to order as Nano closed the double doors to the Lobby. Homi briefed the travel route and security enroute and in the club. Temple Beth El shooters were roof top along the route and inside the K St Sex club. Roland and the Rats had been pre-positioned prior to 5 PM and Duke and Dyke had sniffed the club at 1800 and would also go in before the humans for the poetry competition. He turned the floor over to Chips. "Friends, let's eat this pizza quick and get over to the Club. I have to leave you now, Dancer is in the box and I will reprise my role as Captain David Hunter. Boulger Funeral home has the exhumation paperwork attached to the BDD11 and we are all set. I owe you an explanation regarding 'Clipper Silence'. I must inform you that 'Yomama' from Hawaii will be at the competition and she is not happy with our disclosure that her grandson is the focus of our investigative efforts, she is calling in some debts and JBD is rumored to be her agent in the Senate. Stone is passing out the LMBIs [ last minute briefing items ] so enjoy the Pizza and beer, Homi and I must leave. Fair well and this one is for all the marbles, and I don't mean our encryption pro in West Rutland or Swindon." With that Homi led Chips to the stairs and 3 minutes later the DHL van was underway to meet the Boulger crew at the K St Club. Dyke and Duke provided security.

As the pizzas were attacked Stone noticed Mr. Gambolino sitting next to Hamish. At that moment his clipper IPOD indicated an 'immediate' message from Homi.

The IM read,

*“AmeriPride Truck” compromised, Chips suggests the Limo or Gambolino hearse”. Stone sat between Rico and Hamish and asked “Mr Gambolino, I just got an immediate from security and our ride to the club is compromised, might your Pizza Hearse have room for half our group?”*

Mr. Gambolino spoke into his boutonniere “Guido, bring units 2 and 3 to the Crystal City Marriott, immediately. Park near 1, curbside”.

Hamish thanked Rico and introduced Stone to Mr. Gambolino. Stone asked Rico if the hearses were all 1996 models.

“Good question Stone, what was the last year Cadillac had LT1 rear wheel drives, capeche?”

Four minutes later the Bell Man entered the room at spoke briefly with Hamish. Hamish banged his fork on an empty Grolsch bottle and announced “The 3 hearses are awaiting us at the curb; Vicky and Stone to H1, Betty and Nano to H2, Raven and I will be in H3. I understand that Fish is with Amelia, Chips and Homi already. Let’s roll” he quipped, whipping his bull neck around.

After Mr. Gambolino had joined Hamish and Raven in H3, Stone understood another piece of the puzzle. And Stone thought he recognized Rico’s face from a photo his father took in Icaristan.

With Stone and Vicky sitting next to Guido in H1, the procession crossed the Potomac and proceeded to 1301 K St NW. Stone noticed silhouettes atop numerous buildings and saw quite an array of antennas and what appeared to be laser designators atop the four buildings surrounding the Sex Club. At 2003 the three Pizza Hearses were unloading the group and the doors of the Club were held open by Homi. Inside Homi led the group to the ballroom where the Poetry Reading would occur. Homi indicated ‘security normal, all set’ in a hand signal to Stone and Hamish. When the group walked past the BDD11 with Captain David Hunter lying in state in the open casket, Vicky’s pastel hunter green became moistened and the captain sympathetically developed localized rigor mortis in his pouch.

Betty, who had much PR experience with Honeywell took charge. She had everyone pull out the LMBI cards and review the last minute items. She also handed Verse one to Hamish and Verse 2 to Nano. Betty called for a ‘mic check’ from within the BDD11 a feminine voice with a slight accent spoke “Hamsa Hamsa Hamsa, Captain Cohen has left the building” and Stone harked back to Elvis and his last ‘building leaving adventure in Indianapolis in 1977. Except that night in Indianapolis, Elvis didn’t leave the building and within 3 months he had left his early body behind and rejoined his King. Stone admired Elvis, admired his ‘dead’ father Captain David Hunter, and admired garlic stuffed queen olives. He had just had the bartender pour him a big one when Amelia and Fish appeared from a side door. Amelia saddled up to the bar and asked Stone if things

were on track, and Stone handed her an industrial sized Absolut Martini and said “We’re good to go” just as a party of 24 was announced as arriving, much like when the Captain of a vessel comes aboard. “Enterprise, arriving” would be the Boatswain Mates call if the captain of the USS Enterprise came aboard. However, on 6-6-08 at 2054 local the call on the PA was “Weather-persons arriving” as the following 24 people entered the room:

Hillary ‘Arkancide’ – Sponsor, AXA Gallery and 345 Park Avenue N.Y. tenants  
Bernadine ‘Days of Bisexual Rage’ – Sponsor, Women @ Sidley Austin  
Jamie ‘The Wall’ – Sponsor, Fannie Mae and the Supermax S&M prison staff  
Eileen ‘Carbon-is-for-us’ – Sponsor, \$50 trillion Carbon Disclosure banker wankers  
Amelia ‘Queen Hornet’ – Sponsor, KPMG escrowed killing machine, AQFB Mod 21  
Cindy Lou ‘Sixpack’ – Sponsor, Songbirds with Amalgam Virgo and Project Phoenix  
Michelle ‘Obomba’ Bernadine’s protégé at Sidley and now the Chicago CFR  
Janet ‘Waco’ – Clinton’s AG who put DOJ Pride into the Great Hall of Shame  
Leah Zell ‘Lizard Woman’ – Sponsor, Lizard LLC hedge fund and KPMG Chicago  
Obama’s Yomama – Sponsor, escrowed HUBZones in Hawaii, Guam and Starbucks  
Bill ‘Army of Love’ Ayers – Blew up his girlfriend and now tramples Flag of USA  
David ‘CCX’ Blood – Goldman Sachs escrowed NYC for carbon scam in Chicago  
Noam ‘Wobbly’ – Sponsor, Wobblies, Navajo code talkers and HUBZones 9/11  
Lester ‘Wag the Dog’ Crown – General Dynamics Iridium C4, Hawaiian HUBZone  
Paul ‘Total Power’ – Laundered UN Oil-for-Food through Pargesa 9/11  
John ‘al-Qaeda’ Deutsch – Stole 8(a) data base from CIA for Raytheon and Thales  
“Arson AI” – Escrowed Clipper to hide IWG Environmental Justice Hits  
Bruce “Escrow” gave Communists Y2Key to Pentagon backdoor – Hello Georgia!  
John “Waffen” CJCS US secrets to China, changed ROE 1 June, sabotaged Boeing  
Maurice “Chairman Moe”- Canada’s genocidal Stalinist, hired by Saddam for 9/11  
Judge One- lesbian attorney in pastel lavender  
Judge Two- gay DOJ employee in pastel lavender  
Judge Three - Unknown quantity who is ‘Biden his Time’ also in pastel lavender

Judge One went to the microphone and introduced the Judges. She then proceeded to say that the poetry competition would close at the end of the three verse reading allowed to deceased Poet Captain David Hunter. She pointed out that an immediate awarding of the 2008 prize would be awarded and that that award would be binding, much like her thong which was understood to be in a brown hue called ‘Manly Mocha’.

Judge One asked who would be reading the three verses.

Betty responded, from the field, saying “Hamish C. Watson will read Verse One, Dr. Nano al-Umina would read verse two, and that recently deceased due to extreme coitus Captain David Hunter would read verse three.

Judge One thought it odd that a dead man could recite poetry, but then again she thought it odd that heterosexuals could produce offspring or that thongs came in colors other than brown. She suspected a ruse but allowed the reading to begin.

Hamish, in a cheesy British accent, read verse one:

*The Lizard and the Hornet went to see  
About a lesbian surety loan,  
They took some money, and plenty of honey,  
Stuffed up in a hub zone phone.  
The Lizard looked up at the parts above,  
To bang through a small cuissart,  
'O lovely Pussy! O Pussy my love,  
What a beautiful Pussy you are,  
You are,  
You are!  
What a beautiful Pussy you are!*

Immediately thereafter Dr. Nano, sounding august and rather Franklinesque, read verse two:

*Pussy wiped on a towel; said, 'You flagellant Cow!  
How smarmingly sweet you sing!  
O let us be married! Too long we have tarried:  
But what shall we do for a ring?'  
They male-d away, as a pair for the pay,  
To the bank where the Boinky-tree grows  
And there with a woody a Piggy-wig stooody  
With a ring at the end of her hose,  
Her hose,  
Her hose,  
With a ring at the end of her hose*

With the crowd eagerly anticipating the third verse, all eyes were on the face of Captain David Hunter, the recently deceased international thong investigator. In a booming voice that seemed to come from everywhere except Hunter's still lips came Verse 3: delivered over 16 Bose speakers pre-positioned by Homi and Stone:

*Dear queers, are you willing, to sell-out for shillings,  
The US of A? 'Yes we will'  
Then I'm here to deliver, from my very moist quiver,  
An arrow with which you I'll kill,  
He writ them a wrote, and therein did quote,  
How senselessly evil they were,  
And gay hand in hand, gays and perverts did stand,  
As he served them the lawsuit he wrote,  
He wrote,  
He wrote  
As he served them the lawsuit he wrote.*



Homi and Stone led their team to the Pizza Hearses leaving a prerecorded message on an endless tape to remind the perverts that 'though the horse is made ready for the day of battle, Victory rests with the Lord' interspersed with 'This is the end of Rico' in Navajo code talk, French and all the other languages used by Brucey Baby in his Y2Key network to betray America.



[http://news.bbc.co.uk/olmedia/1940000/images/\\_1941824\\_formation300ap.jpg](http://news.bbc.co.uk/olmedia/1940000/images/_1941824_formation300ap.jpg)

Led into a collective panic by 'Bidin his Time' Judge Three, the frightened DOJ-Pride gang of 24 anxiously looked for someone to surrender to against the backdrop of a thunderous roar from 4 QF-4 Phantoms using 8 J79-15-GE afterburners to leave their combat air patrol overhead the K Street Club, with no ordnance expended.